

JOSEPH STEWART ALLEN

I was born in Oneida County, State of New York, June 25, 1810. My father was Daniel Allen. My Mother was Nancy Stewart. My father moved to Ohio, Geauga County, town of Thompson. There I received the Gospel in February 1831. A few days after I received it (February 13) I was baptized and soon after ordained a Teacher. I remained in the State of Ohio until the Spring of 1834 when on the 6th of May I left Kirtland to go to Missouri in the company known as Zions Camp, organized and led by the Prophet Joseph Smith. I arrived at Fishing River, Clay County, June 21. I remained in Clay County for some time and married, September 2, 1835, by the prophet, to Lucy Diantha Morley. We moved to Far West, Caldwell County, in the spring of 1838. In the summer of the same year I was ordained a Seventy under the hands of Joseph Smith Jr. and joined the First Quorum of Seventies. The following February, being driven from Missouri, I moved to Illinois, crossing the River at Quincy. I went up about thirty miles and settled in the town of Lima. Was ordained a High Priest, May 11, 1844, by Isaac Morley. In consequence of mob threatenings, I with father Morley went to Nauvoo to see Joseph. While returning home we were way-laid and assaulted by three armed men. We had a horse and buggy. One of them seized the horses bit. I took out one of my pistols and ordered them to desist, informing them of the consequences if they did not; where-upon they left us and we proceeded home without further molestation.

According to Brother Josephs council, I moved to Nauvoo, it being a time of trouble in consequence of our enemies. I took part in defending the lives and property of the Saints by acting as a picket guard, also night and day guard. In 1846 I started with my family for the west. I stopped at Pisgah and put in a crop. I left and went on to Council Bluffs, according to Brother Brigham's advice. I passed the winter herding Church stock in company with others up the Missouri River. In the spring I moved to Summer Quarters and raised a crop. I acted as Counselor to Bishop Houston at this place. While on the Missouri River I buried four children.

In 1848 I emigrated to the mountains in President Youngs Company. We wintered in Salt Lake Valley, (Sessions Settlement, now Bountiful).

In October, 1848, I was called, in company with father Morley and others, to settle Sanpete.

I lived at Manti and was appointed a member of the High Council at that place. I remained there until 1854, then father Morley was called to Salt Lake City, and by his request I moved to Little Cottonwood. I put in a crop which was destroyed by crickets. I next went to Santaquin in Utah County and remained there three years. I was counselor to Bishop Holman. I moved back to Sanpete and stayed there until the call was made to settle the Colorado Country. I volunteered to go and got as far as the Sevier when I was detained on account of high water and stopped at Glenwood.

Sometime in July I heard of the death of father Morley and started to go to his funeral. When I had gone about ten miles the horses stopped with-out any apparent cause and in no way could I get them to go further. I turned back and the team traveled back freely. In a day or two after this Brother Roberts, who lived in South Bend and was returning from Manti, was killed near where the horses stopped.

Soon after this, I and Brother Staley were fired upon by a number of hostile Indians who came within gunshot of the settlement. I escaped without harm. Bro. Staley was shot. Two horses belonging to him were shot down as they stood near his door. This was merely a blind to draw attention away from another party of indians who were driving off a band of horses in another direction.

While I was at Glenwood most of my stock was stolen by the indians. In the fall I was taken sick and I concluded to go back to Sanpete and try to repair the loss I had sustained in my team. I went to Moroni and my health was poor all winter. When spring came my circumstances were such that I thought it best to remain at Moroni through the season. The following incident occurred at this place in March 1866.

Five hostile Indians, three men, one squaw and a boy, having been captured were brought here and put under guard. When my son's turn came to guard I took his place. (This was my 17 year old son, Isaac). I went on guard at eight o'clock in the evening with another man by the name of Bilkey. The Indians had been here a week or ten days and the squaw had been permitted to go about un-guarded. She succeeded in putting in the hands of the Indians a knife and a large wire, both sharpened with a file she had procured. They also had two clubs (stout rack stakes) concealed under their blankets. Just

before the assault I discovered one of the clubs and threw it out the door.

About nine o'clock one of the Indians wanted to go out under false pretenses and I went with him. I had begun to suspect their intentions and cautioned the other guard to be on the alert. He drew his club out from under his blanket and struck at me before I had time to prepare my pistol to shoot. Raising my arm to avert the blow he knocked the pistol out of my hand, off twelve to fourteen feet away from me. The second blow struck my mouth, knocking out my front teeth. At the same moment that Indian commenced on me, the squaw picked up a stick of wood as if to put it on the fire and struck Bilkey with it. He ran off crying for help. I succeeded in getting the club from my assailant when he began using the knife on me. Another came out and stooped down to pick up the club I had thrown out. I seized him by the hair and while holding him the third Indian came out and struck me with a stick of wood. I worked around till I got within reach of my pistol. Holding one and keeping off the other as well as I could, I regained my pistol. The Indian I was holding broke loose and started off. I fired at him, the shot breaking his ankle. The other two I killed on the spot. I fired but four shots. My clothes were cut through at several places on my breast. My wrist and thumb and my face severely gashed. (I had on a suit of heavy woolen material). After it had thus terminated the alarm given by the other guards brought several citizens to the guard-house about thirty rods from the school-house where a dance was going on. It had been snowing a little all evening, some of the boys tracked the crippled Indian who was over-taken and shared the same fate as the other two.

The next October I started to the Muddy and arrived there in December with all my family. These are a few of the many circumstances I have passed through in my lifetime. Should you see fit to publish any part of them in the news you are at liberty to do so.

I remain, as ever, your brother in the Gospel,

s/ Joseph S. A

JOSEPH ON THE MUDDY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1867

(Additional Incidents In the Life of Joseph Stewart Allen by Grand-daughter Hattie Esplin Durfee.)

Some other details about the Indian Fight.

Isaac Morley Allen, oldest son of Joseph S. Allen related: "My father, Joseph Stewart Allen's tragedy with the Indians happened on 26 February 1866 at Moroni". Isaac had been sent to Manti to get his father's oxen that had strayed away. It was his turn to stand guard but it was lucky for him that his father took his place, he probably would not have been able to handle such a tragedy and may have lost the battle or been killed. It is reported that Bilkey ran toward the school house yelling, "Help, Murder, The Indians have killed Brother Allen".

The gun which Joseph used belonged to his son-in-law, Frederick Walter Cox Jr, and is now kept in the family as a relic. During the fight, after the bullets were all gone, Joseph struck one of the Indians with it and it never did revolve again.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

(I am indebted to my cousin, Florence Allen Cheney for the following incidents.)

While grand-father was in Zion's Camp, walking as he did most of the way, his shoes gave out and he went on as long as he could with-out any although his feet were sore and bleeding. He said to his companion one day, "I simply cannot go on any further." They knelt down and prayed to the Lord to assist him in some way to be able to travel on. After resting for some time longer, they arose to go and there by the side of the log was a pair of shoes. "These were surely meant for you, Brother Allen," said his companion, "They would not fit my feet, they are too small".

So grand-father put the shoes on, which fit perfectly and they traveled feeling secure that faith in the Lord always brings tis' reward.

(Later while he was on a mission in Indiana the following incident occurred.)

It was in the spring of the year, he and his companion had made an appointment for a meeting the following evening. The next day as they were going to fulfill their appointment, a little stream which they had crossed the previous day was swollen to a flood of rushing torrent, impossible to cross.

They knew of a ferry up-stream some distance but going to that crossing would make them late for their meeting, so they did not know what to do about it. Grand-father said, "Let us ask the Lord." They knelt and asked the Lords assistance. As they arose from their knees they saw a big man on an extra large horse coming across the stream toward them. The horse could not possibly have touched the bottom of the stream. "Do you gentle-men wish to cross?" he asked, "I will take you over." They then mounted the horse with the man and were soon safely on the other side. After climbing off the horse, they turned to offer their thanks to the kind benefactor, when to their surprise and astonishment both horse and rider were gone. They went their way rejoicing having learned the power of faith in the true Gospel.